## UR YOUNG # # PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Two Handsome Prizes Will be Given This Month-What They Are Will be Announced on the First Sunday in May.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing.
And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light.
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown haves' tender keeping.
And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright.
Why, then, why not all together Make our faces match the weather?—
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long!
For as fragrant as the heather is the charming outside weather.
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.
—Jessie Macmillan Anderson in April St.
Nicholas.

TO OUR BOYS AND GIRLS:
DUDLEY R. JOHNSTON LANDSAY,
VA. AND SUE M. TODD, CITY, HAVE
NOT LET US KNOW YET ABOUT
THEIR MARCH PRIZES. OWING TO
THE FACT THAT ON SUNDAY, APRIL
ITH, THE CHILDREN'S PAGE TOOK
A HOLIDAY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
HAVE BEEN THROWN A LITTLE OFF
THE TRACK, BUT WE START IN
FRESH AGAIN TO-DAY, AND AS YOU
ALL WANT TO KNOW SO VERY
MUCH LOOK AT THE TOP OF THE
PUZZLE COLUMN TO-DAY, AND
THERE YOU WILL SEE WHAT THE
APRIL PRIZES ARE. WE ARE VERY
MUCH OBLIGED INDEED TO MISS
HELEN V. PLUEMA HER FOR THE
NICE LITTLE SKETCHES SHE SENDS
US AND HER BRIGHT LITTLE NOTE.
THE FIRST PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN
TO THE CHILD SENDING THE
GREATEST NUMBER OF CORRECT
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. THE SECOND
WILL BE GIVEN TO THE ONE SENDIING IN DURING THE MONTH THE
VERY BEST LETTER ADDRESSED TO
THE EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S
DEPARTMENT THE LETTER MUST
B WRITTEN ON ALTERNATE SIDES
OF THE SHEET OF PAPER (ALTERMATE MEANS EVERY OTHER, REMEMBER, NOW, THERE'S A NICE
CHANCE FOR SOME OF YOU WHO
ARE NOT APT AT SOLVING PUZZLES.

HERE WE ARE.

Answer to Last Week's Puzzles. 57.—Independent.

68.— CAP
AGE
LIN
MOT
Tollar, Pollux, Ferenia, Charybdis, Pyramus,
Pollux, Ferenia, Charybdis, Pyramus,
Thisle, Ulysses, Penelope, Cyclops, Perseus, Andromeda.
60.—1. Tar, rat. 2. Sloop, pools. 3. Spar,
raps 4. Yaws, sway, 5. Keels, sleek, 6.
Strips, sprits. 7. Doom, mood. 8. Strap,
Parts. 9. Maws, swam. 19. Port, trop.

Patsy Trego's Undoing.

Patsy Trego's Undoing.

The door burst open and out across the porch dodged Fets; Trego. When he had run almost to the chicken yard he stopped, turned around, and faced his mother, who stood in the doorway.

"I tell you, Petsy Trego," she was saying. "you'll get into trouble some day if you keep on stealing sweets."

For answer Faisy leaned his freekled nose back until it pointed to the caves of the barn, and two of his fingers, yellow and dripping with molasses, disappeared with a smack in his moath. "Don't you ever do that again, Patsy Trego, called his mother, threateningly," the idea of your puttin' your hand in my strup keg. The very idea.

And then Mrs. Trego, who was big, redaced and joily, and who couldn't scoil faced and joily, and who couldn't scoil

"Don't you ever do that again, rates, Trego, called his mother, threateningly, "the idea of your puttin' your hand in my sirup keg. The very idea."

And then Mrs. Trego, who was big, red-faced and joily, and who couldn't scold very long at a time if she tried, went back into the house.

"There's no use takin." she said aloud to herself; "a boy that's got such a taste for sweets is goin' to get into frouble sooner or later. It's no good sign. as like a fly. Some day he if fail in the cream-pitcher or get one leg stuck on the fly-paper, or-or-get tanged up in the honey-pot.

"No, I won't," shouted a shrill voice in the doorway.

the doorway.

And Mother Trego, looking around, saw a sirupy mouth granning through a crack in the door.

"I tell you, Patsy," she cried, "you'll turn into a lollipop boy one of these

"I tell you, Patsy," she cried, "you'll turn into a lollipop boy one of these days."

"Wisht I was," was Patsy's retort.

Patsy was known all over town for his love for sweets. He pestered the life out of Ferguson, the storekeeper, with his teasing for sticks of candy, and he was forever asking all the other boys and girls for "just one bite" of something they had brought to school.

The very afternoon on which Mrs. Fregs, made her prophecy—she remembered it well afterward—Patsy ran into rerguson's store. I am sorry to say that ratsy didn't have the best of reputations as a good boy, and when he appeared the clerks always kept their eyes on the sugar-barrels and the candy jars.

"Well." said Ferguson, "what are you up to to-day?"

"Oh, lookin' around," said Patsy, with the bit of a twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"I'll tell you something," said one of the clerks, "but you mush t let the other boys know about it."

Patsy sidled up. That was just the kind of a secret he wanted.

"Ferguson rolled a rugar-hogshead our back of the store this morning—Before the clerk had finished speaking Patsy shot through the back door, cleared the steps at a bound, and was pecring into the hogshead.

"Um, yum," he cried in cestacy, as he saw the big patches of brown sugar that still adhered to the sides of the huge barrel. If there was any kind of sweet that Patsy liked mere than any other, it was hrown sugar. Into the hogshead he crawled, flatiened his freekled nose against the boards and began to graw off the sugar. When he had eaten all he could hold ne crawled out and skulked around into the birseal.

"Tell the othet boys," he chuckled to birseal! "I guess not." Fell the other boys," he chuckled to

"Tell the other boys," he chuckled to himself. "I guess not."
For an hour or two Patsy went strutting around with a mysterious air, and the boys all knew that he was trying to keep some great secret. After a time-Patsy's craving for sugar returned, and he slipped away, crept around the corner of Ferguson's otore, and went to the sugar hosshead again. He shouldn't have expected, however, that he sould give the slip to a whole village full of curious boys who had scented a secret. That was the mistake that Patsy made. The moment he was gone Dave Wisner, Matt Byrnes, and a number of other boys began to look for him. After spending nearly half an hour in vain search they wandered into the alley back of the store.

wandered into the store. "What's that noise?" whispered Mati,

"What's that noise?" whispered Matt.

stopping suddenly.

The boys listened. From the inside of the big hogsheat came a scraping and gnawing noise, followed by certain prodigious smacks. Then the hogshead moved, rolled a little, trembled, and rolled again.

Matt was selzed with a sudden inspiration. He darted quickly forward and gave the hogshead a kick.

Now it happ not that Ferguson's store was located on the cage of a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran Carter's creek, a sluggish stream, twenty to thirty feet wide. Patsy had rolled the hogsheaf in getting at now larger spois until it was balancing on the brow of the bill. Matt's kick sept it over. As it began to bounce and bound downward Patsy set up a wild cry of terior.

Matt stood at the top of the hill with his eyes sticking out and a look of blank surprise on his face.

"I thought it was Ferguson's dog," he gasped.

Down the hill carpered the hogshead.

gasped.

Down the hill careered the hogshead.

Down the hill careered the hogshead.

Some warned him that he might tipping from side to aide sike a boat on a choppy sea. When it struck a stone it would bound nigh in air, and several He skimmed across it, and broke

We hope such tricks he'll soon break \*\*\*.

\$3.-WORD BUILDING.
PER-SON-AL-I-TY;
IN-TER-EST-ING-LY;
SEN-TI-MEN-TAL-IST;
RE-CON-DENSA-TION;
PAR-DON-A-BLE-NESS.
How many words-not counting these four may be made from these syllables?
One person, without stopping to expatiment, guesses fiften, and perhaps this would not be very different from the first estimate of most readers. Try it. It is understood that each syllable may be repeated as many times in any word as may be necessary, but can only be used when it fits without division or combination irte a different syllable. E. J. D.
He was such an old cynic-a learned WHOLE he.
A professor ir some northern college, I hear,
Who ONE on the Pullman TWO stout, kindly THREE.
From the town that had been his own home for a year,
Well, be straightway began to make fun of the place—
Its cdd curtoms, its dullness, the queer people there—
Till the good, simple THREE, very red in the face.

leared to argue the matter with diminist air.

Now the WHOLE had the best of the contest, no doubt.

But 'tis true that he never has guessed to this day.

Why his listeners smiled when a soft voice spoke out;

"Perhaps, sir, it's improved since you came away!"

MARIEL P.

Two countries in Europe have child monarchs, Spain has a boy king and Holland has a girl queen. The Dutch people are very proud of Queen Wilhelmina, and they never tire of hearing stories about her kindliness and her eleverness, and they are well informed of her progress in her classes, and when she appears in public she is loudly cheered.

The girl queen's full name is Wilhelmina.

When we talk of the United States Government ir a familiar sort of way we call it "Uncle Sam"; and you have often seen pictures of Urcle Sam—a long, lean, old fashioned Yankee, with a high hat and with a swallow-tail coat and breeches marked with the stars and stripes of the flag.

is the way the Children is the way the Children is a mane of "Uncle Sam."

Mr. Wilson, the original "Uncle Sam, died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, at the age of eighty-four,—"The Curiosity Shop," by Clifford Howard, in April St. Nicholas.

father and his brother Carl were als remarkable for skill in sleight-of-han tricks, and, in company with the latter Alexander was first introduced to the Alexander was first introduced to the public, despite the objection of his parents, who did not want him to make his living by performing tricks. But m 1867 he dissolved partnership with his brother and made his first appearance as a "star." Since then he has travely all the public stars of the stars of the stars of the stars of the stars. ed all over India, Siam, China, Russia Europe, Africa, and North and Sout America, carning and spending severa fortunes on the way and exciting every-where the greatest wonder by his feat-of legerdemain. He received many distinctions from great people, among them the Order of Mahella from the King of Spain, and a decoration from the King Spain, and a decoration from the King of Portugal. Herman and his wife, who has always aided at his performances, during the last few years, have lived in the most lavish way. They owned a steam yacht and s, cial private travel-ing cars, and four famous horses which always accompanied them on their trips through the country. These they were ac-customed to drive about the small towns before the performances to count the pawnbrokers' shops and see if they fur pawnorokers shops and see it they mished bargains in jewelry. This prodigality was not of a selfish kind, for Herrman annually distributed large sums of money in the aid of unfortunate theatrical people, and even the day beforehis death gave a benefit for the waifs of the State Industrial School of Rochite Carry of his human ester. Every one knows of his humor his innumerable practical jokes and his most wonderful tricks; but perhaps his the fattraction to many people has been the frank denial that magic or supernat ural powers has had anything to do with his exhibitions.—The Independent.

Going to Jamestown.

May and June are months of good fortune to the theaters in Europe, and there is no reason except the weather, why they should not bring luck to our playhouses. Nor is the drama justified in losing courage at the rivalry of the bicycle, for the wheel is even more fashionable in Europe than in our own country. Yet the English, French and German managers compete with it successfully, and the American theaters alone succomb to its suppression.—Hillary Ben, in New York Press.

IN FAMILY AND HOME.

A Quiet Half Hour Spent in the Domestic Circle.

An Easter Fantasy. In England, on an Easter-tide.
Beneath a budding forest-side,
And in a grassy meadow wide.
To me a vision came.
The quick-grown blades like velvet show

And at their airy summits glowed The primrose yellow flame. The hills stood back in tender mist;
The pleasure-laden wind said, "List!"
I could have bent down and kissed
Those flower-lips dashed with dew;
But as I stooped, a sigh began—
The green and gold together ran,
And dim the meadow grew.

And of the dimness and the sigh And of the dimness and the sign
A voice arose that was a cry;
A radiant shadow trembled by,
With wide and sunny hair.
"Who art thou then, whom leaf and
flower
Salute, and with their beauty dower?—
Thy name and race declare."

"I am that Eostre whom old eld The Light of all the World dispelled; Twas here my festival was held With heart-abounding mirth. Of me, there lingers but the name,
And, of my smile, this primrose flame
Low down along the earth!"

—Edith M. Thomas.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE. Some Difficulties Which Present Them-

selves to Her.

The woman who wants to enter a remunerative occupation after leaving college is often surprised to find that the degree she has worked so long and hard or, and perhaps taken with such high istinction, is not an immediate "open esame" to a destrable and profitable opition in the world. She is troubled position in the world. She is troubled to find that, in the first place there does not seem to be an overwhelming demand for the thing the has beerned to do, that the general public, which is the general paymaster, cares little about such interesting matters as the "Halogen Elements in Carbon Compounds," or the "Use of the Imperfect Indicative in Plautus and Terence." She is also troubled to find that apparently the essential condition to getting placed is not preparation.

gge graduate must make up her mind o sacrifice some, if not all, of her pre-onceived notions as to her proper place

She should not set a fixed limit of ochold anywhere on the rapidly whirling cach of the world's affairs, until she can, by ingenuity and activity, climb, comehow or other, to the box-seat and

However competent she may be for that place from the start, she must re-member that her fellow-passengers do not at first know it, and she must get board with them somehow in order to

aboard with them somenow in order to convince them.

The graduate, then, will not expect a fine position to be awaiting her, ready to drop, like a ripe plum, into her mouth. In the first place, she must bunt the tree; then she must climb it herself to get the feut since nobody will or can do the fruit, since nobody will or can do

the fruit, since nobody will or can do it for her.

In "hanting the tree," that is, in selecting the occupation, the graduate will do well to employ some originality of mind. The mechanical person can see only one or two definite things to engage in, with definitely graded salaries, better or worse. With everyhody rushing for these places, the wages offered must fall with the demant for hem. That person, then, who thinks up something new and different to do, or some new way of conducting the old occupation, is benefitting nerself, her fellow-workers, and the community at large—herself and her fellow-workers because competition in each occupation will be reduced by an increase in the number of occupations, and reversely will thus be brought to a higher wel; the community at large, because the person who invents a new form of dvantageous service to the community a creating a want and gratifying it at ereating a want and gratifying it at same time, and the economists tell that in the diversification of wants

Americans Not a Home People,

The restless temperaments of our peoard movement of civilization and the —all these tilings stand in the way of the creation of an ideal home, a perma-nent castle sheltering generation after generation of the same name and line-age, a manor invested with the sweet family associations and traditions of years, and stored with the priceless accu-mulations of its immates from generathon to generation. Such a home our thrifty, feverish American civilization has not yet developed.—Detroit Free

Stocks Rising.

Unprecedented sale of spring bonnets, one, two, three and four stories high with roof garden.

The Integrities of Dally Life.

Punctuality, order, promptness, energy and scrupulous regard for the rights of others detract apparently in the eyes of some people from the "softness" which they consider ought to be the woman's they consider cought to be the weman's chief characteristic; softness in this sense meaning a stoppiness which cannot be relied upon for the proper performance of the simplest act, and is as far removed from the softness which is allied to gentleless and is not incompatible with enduring strength, as a principle from a particular.

ple from a paradox.

There is little difference in the best qualities of men and women, or in those which are equally required in the conduct of a State, of great business interests, or the daily life of a household. Confusion disorder disorder that in which cais, or the drily life of a nonseason.
Confusion, disorder, discemfort, and in
time disintegration, follow loses and shiftless methods, relishness, laziness and
disregard of others in either case and
innocent lives are wrecked through faults
that might have been checked by proper guidance and treatment in childhood and

traits as "trifles" in their infatter, which become vices when they are full-grown it is of little consequence that the child loses its tops and balls, its mittens and handkerchiefs its pennies and slate pencils, or that it drops its coat in one place its hat in another, its books in a third. It is somehold's business with much

It is somebody's business with much grumbling and fault-finding to recover or replace them, but it is no one's business to train the child to better ways, and so t grows up, boy or girl, to an utter dis-egard of the integrities of daily life. regard of the integrities of daily life. It is easy and usual to blame the school for the short-comings for the home, and to insist that the teacher ought to supplement and perform the duties of the mother. But even if the teacher is capable of doing this, she does not often receive much encouragement in the performance of so difficult a task.

"My daughter does not expect to earr her living by keeping accounts," or "madaughter does not expect to be a teacher, or earn her living professionally, there

daughter does not expect to be a teacher, or earn her living professionally, there fore, there is no use in binding her to such a weardsome detail, or making her so rigidity exact."

Such is the letter and the spirit of many

mothers, who have themselves been brought up to believe, that a certain amount of ignorance, lassitude, languor

life removed from the exactions of ne-cessity and the duties of obligation.

Their mistake is one of real ignorance and inexperience. There are no condi-tions in life which demand the active ex-ercise of the business virtues more than the very highest, and it is an axiom, to the truth of which all ages have testified, that the more power, the greater wealth, the more responsibility in the use and distribution.

But apart from all general considera-

But apart from all general considera-But apart from all general considera-tions it is, in this country, at least, in the worst possible taste to throw dis-eredit upon business habits and ways, or neglect to train boys and girls in a suf-ficient regard for them, for it is to these business qualities and virtues that nine-tenths of what are now leading families to the creat clitics of a warks own their in the great cities of America owe their rise, growth, and possession of fortune.

Baths for Every Woman.

There is a bath for every woman in the land. It may se hot, it may be cold, it may be tepid, it may be salt, it may be fresh, it may be electric, it may be alcoholic, it may be electric, it may be alco-holic, it may be every day in the week, and an all-over grooming, or it may be merely a sponge morning and night. It may be Russian or Turkish, or it may be merely a centle vapor without any frills. It all depends, Once you are in love with It all depends, once you are an ethat you will search until you discover the very best means to keep it in this condition. There can be no grace without pliancy; there can be no pliancy without invigorated muscles and flexible limbs.

AFRICA'S NEW WOMAN, She is a Queen and She Has All the Rights of a Man.

Africa has a "new woman," if being a "new woman" consists largely in having all privileges granted men-yes, even more.

more.

Gueen Mokwal, of whom Dr. James Johnston sreaks in "Reality Versus Romance." obtained her position from an inwritten law of her country. She is the eldest sister of the King, and, according to the unwritten constitution, without her sanction her brother is debarred from giving effect to any measure.

ure.
She holds the veto power. She fives at Nalolo, on the Zambesi, about twenty miles below Laifui, where the King resides. Her power is supreme. She is at liberty to marry or dispose a hus-

The man she honored by making him her husband last year was No. 7. She has killed all his predecessors. Her sixth husband was beloved by all the people for his kindness. The Queen became lealous of him. She invited him to her hut one evening, and she stabbd him with a saher. As he fell she remarked:

"Thus has a thorn been removed from my flesh."

my flesh."

Queen Mokwai and her brother have placed their country under the British dag, but as yet the rights of the Queen are the same, as no one of authority has been sent to failui from England.

The Empress of Austria.

The Empress of Austria.

The Empress of Austria is not in good health, and is obliged to forego long early morning walks, which have been her delight and a trial to the ladies in waiting. She has worn black ever since the death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, and has given away all of her jewels except the crown jewels. The Princess Rudolph is a gifted, hardsome woman, but she and the Empress are not the best of friends. The Princess Elizabeth, her little daughter, is a very interesting child, and as fond of mountain elimbing as her mother.

The First Grandchild, (On Receiving Her Photograph.)

Sweet pictured baby face.
Lined with such perfect grace,
lose kin of mine, and fairest to me
kuown;
What tender love fills my heart for thee.
As while I gaze, I fain would hope to

How like the parent stem this little bud has blown.

has blown.

O, sweet and wondrous fair!
Yes, the broad brow is there,
With beauty thronet as one, I knew full
well,
And back I trace, thro' some dim
channel's course,
A faint resemblance to our one life
source
In thou the tiny stream, and I, the river
dwell.

Wee type of mortal charm!

God shead from wee or harm

The little feet in life's broad path to tread;
And when the rose shall this small budding shame.
May woman's noblest thoughts dwell in thy frame
And woman's beauteous soul to every joy be wed.

be wed.
INDA BARTON HAYS.

The Cost of Receptions to Royalty. The cost of the reception in Paris of the Emperor of Russia was originally estimated at 12,000,00%, but it has proved to be not more than 5,000,000f. At first the young soldiers whose time was legally up were to be kept under arminuty after the review, an extra three weeks, representing an expense of 6,000,000f. Moreover, the Emperor and Empress were originally to stay at the Foreign Office, and by their staying at the Russian Embassy the Government saved about 400,000f. Furthermore, the carriages and the Presidential train, which cost 400,000f. have been resold to the companies for 200,000, so that these carriages and the Presidential train, which cost 490,000f., have been resold to the companies for 200,000, so that these has been a saving of 7,000,000f., by virtue of which the expense is reduced to 5,500,000f. The details are interesting. The reception at the Hotel de Vile cost 160,000f., refreshments, music, decoration and rare plants and flowers included. The masks and oriflames, the fire-works, the 200,000 gas burners, which required a small army of lighters, the official illuminations, the numerous platforms, the special station at the Ranclagh, and the removal of the scaffolding on the Arc de Trompho cost 1,200,000f. The gala performances, the receptions at the Elysee, at Versailles, and at Cherbourg, the sentries along the line from Cherbourg to Paris, and the soldiers who lined the streets, the Chalons review, and the transport of troops cost 3,500,000f., including the improvised railway from Mourmelon to the camp and the tribunes. To these figures must be added the horses, carriages, and livery of the Elysee, and the large sums spent by private individuals, and it will not be far from the truth to say that these figures over from 12,300,000f. To 15,000,000f.—New York Times.

One On King George III.

During the reign of George III., a situ-ation of some importance in the govern-ment having become vacant, the king heedlessly promised it to an individual ne wished to oblige; but the cabinet had other views, and resolved these should be carried out. Accordingly, a blank form was drawn up, with the intention of paying his Majesty the empty compliment of asking what name should be inserted in

the commission. Drawing up the form, however, was one thing, braving the royal displeasure was another, and the members of the cabinet were all so unwilling to undertake making the application that they at as agreed to decide the question by lot. Th task fell to the witty Lord Chesterfield who boldly entered the royal closet with the blank commission in one hand, and a pen in the other, respectfully soliziting his Majesty's pleasure.

After some discussion on the king's choice, which the noble lord delicately

but firmly demonstrated to his Majesty could not be complied with the king an-grily turned from him, saying, "Then give t to the devil."

Chesterfield hereupon made as if about

Chesterfield nereupon made as it about to fill up the blank, but suddenly parted to inquire. "Would your Majesty mease that this commission should follow "e usual form. To our trusty and well believed cousin, the devil?"

At this the king could not resist a smile, and the cabinet carried the day.—Current literature. Current Literature.

Delegate White's anti-department store resolution was not adopted by the Kansas City Industrial Council. "Labor unions are opposed to department stores," said a delegate, "but the great majority of the smaller merchants, when they have any work to do about their establishments by a mechanic or artisan, will not hire union workmen."

SOME NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Brief Comment Regarding Current Publications. Literary Intelligence.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PEOPLES:
Willis Eoughton, A. M., Professor of English Literature, Ohio University, G. P. Putram's Sons, New York and London. For rale by George M. West. In the publication of this book, the author's purpose has been to bring together in a form convenient for use in the class-room and the reading circle whatever is most valuable in discoveries along these lines, during the past two decades. In that time many pages have been added to historic records and a work presenting the facts in small scope and very inexpensive form is one which students especially will welcome. Mr. Boughton's book contains in illustration of its carefully prepared text, one hundred and ten pictures and six maps. The HISTORY OF ANCIENT PEOPLES: Boughton's book contains in illustration of its carefully prepared text, one hundred and ten pictures and six maps. The mechanical work throughout is of a kind which emphasizes the facts, so that from all standpoint, the book is one of practical utility. Mr. Boughton's plan has been to follow the fate of a single nation at a time from its mythical beginnings down to the present, or to the time when it was lost in the shuffling of nations. The piecemeal style of the general history is thus avoided, while the repetition necessitated helps only to familiarize the

tory is thus avoided, while the repetition necessitated helps only to familiarize the reader with the events, like tales twice told. The same event from the standpoint of the Egyptian and the Hittle bears the stamp of novelty.

In every case an effort has been made to tell the separate stories as modified by the most recent announcements of the philologist and archaeologist. The arrangement and much of the generalization are the author's own.

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO: An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Pine and Applied Art, April 1857, edited by Charles Holme. Published by John Lane, 146 Fifth avenue, New York, 35 cents single copy, \$3.50 per annum. This is the initial number of the Amer-

lean edition, of which announcements have been recurring for some time in the leading literary publications of review and criticism. Aside from the text, which is full of interest to the art student or mere art lover, the illustrations are really beautiful, including copies of portraits of themselves by artists of world-wide dis-tinction. Sir Joshua Reynolds is among them, and so is Rossetti. Hans W. Singer contributes an article. (illustrated) on Hans Thoma and his work. He outlines his life and touches upon the influence that have told most in molding the char that have told meet in molding the char-acter of his work. He analyses the latter with a critical and discriminative, but sympathetic pen. Although an old man now, Toma is as active as ever, and Singer accourages the hope that we may yet receive many a fine new work at his hands, none of them, probably, altering the aspect of his artistic personality.

Lionel Cust contributes what will prove to most readers of the periodical its most interesting number, in the Bustrated pa-per entitled "Some Portraits of British Artists at the National Portrait Gallery, London," to which we have above al-luded. It touches most entertainingly upon the lives of Dobson, Hogarth, Rey-nolds, Opie, Barry, Wright, Romney, Wilkie, and Rossetti. The first of a series of articles on "Mural Decoration in Scot-land," by Margaret Armour, is third upon land," by Marraret Armour, is third upon the table of contents, and very interesting, as is the paper succeeding it—'Mrs. W. Chance's Studies of Cats," by H. Strachey. The decorative art movement in Paris is ably discussed by Gabriel Moursy and "Studio Talk," by correspondents of the magazine, concludes its contents. It is full of news which will be valuable to the members of the Richmond Art Club, and of general reading matter which will be especially interesting to them. ing to them.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS WOMEN; by Elbert Hub-bard, Charlotte Bronte; April, 1897. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; London.

CHUN TI-KUNG: HIS LIFE AND AD-VENTURES. A novel; by Claude A. Rees. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

OUR RIVAL THE RASCAL. A FAITH-FUL PORTRAYAL OF THE CON-FLICT BETWEEN THE CRIMINALS OF THIS AGE AND THE DEFERENCE OF SOCIETY-THE POLICE; ERS OF SOCIETY—THE POLICE; by Benjamin P. Eldredge, Superintendent of Police, and William B. Watts, Chief Inspector of the Detective Bureau, The Pemberton Publishing Tompany, 287 Congress street, Bosten, Mass. The two gentlemen who, in this fully illustrated volume, undertake to introduce us to Our Rival the Rascal, are certain-ly qualified to do it by a score of years' experience. In positions of conspicuous ly qualified to do it by a score of year, experience in positions of conspicuous responsibility to which, we may say ability and force, appointed them, an in which they have dealt with, probably every class of rogue and criminal on the face of the earth. The book, which, a above, is fully, even profusely, flits trated, simply presents the result of experience in dealing with crime. If it dithat with no aim other than to ponder the known general tasts for the stories. the known general taste for the stories crime, its publication would be a thi to be regretted, but that is not the ca-The men who wrote it are men who have made a study of methods in their line; whose work has been exceptionally effective in protecting society; and who de sire not only to give a graphic and faith ful portrayal of the criminal classes, and the police of to-day, but also to supply a work of practical, every-day service to the public at large in the suggestion of precautions for the better security of it and property. They have paid deserv-high tribute to their brother officers the police service, and to the admirable administration of the Board of Direction of the police throughout this country. To their personal experience in dealing with crime and criminals they have been enabled to add the co-operation of friends

prehensive official records of the police departments of this and other countries. To supplement these official sources of

and criminals, which have been making for many years, for the purpose of refer-ence and identification.

The criminal woman receives distinct

and special attention. The treatment of criminals is dwelt upon, and is an exceedwhich will undoubtedly have a wide read ing, as any less valuable work, if it dealt with the criminal classes, would certainly have.

The following letter will be interesting

The following letter will be interesting to many of our readers:

Will you kindly call the attention of your readers to a book published in London last August, which should be of interest to all Southerners in general and students of genealogy in especial. Its title is: "Some Polisvin Protestants in London. Notes about the families of Ogler from Sigournais and Creuze of Chatei-Crault and Niort." The author, Mr. Herbert H. thurmer, a London journalist. bert H. Thurmer, a London journalist and the son of an English country rec tor, cherishes a great admiration for the Southern Confederacy and its heroes as he testifies in the graceful and en-thusiastic dedication of his little volume

thusiastic dedication of his interesting which is here subjoined.

To the memory of those officers of French descent who fought for the Confederate States of America, especially to the memory of General Beauregard (not a Hugenot) whose brilliant valour and wisdom were laid so cheerfully and modestly upon the white altar of a right-

The writer tells us on page 29 "that in this Nineteenth century the heroic and noble struggle of the Southern Confederacy for constitutional freedom and States rights found the family of Ogier rooted in South Carolina." where its members suffered for the "righteous Lost Cause" of the Southern States." Mr. Thurmer then pays a tribute to the characteristics of our people, in Contrast to some of the marked attributes of those to some of the marked attributes of those who supported and conducted the "Yankee invasion of the Confederate States," concluding with a spirited protest against the Northern partisan "history" which is being constantly manufactured in New York and Boston, and circulated to our great injury and prejudice, in Great Britain, His book, as he decribes it in a printed card, is one "of original researon in French Protestant genealogy, and in local history." And those who have devoted any time to such studies will appreciate the author's statement in his introductory chapter, "that honest genealogy work needs more careful toil and ealogy work needs more careful toil and gives less visible result than any other intellectual pursuit," of which the writer is cognizant. The fruits of such toil, as garnered into these pages, will obtain recognition by scholars and specialists, while the hon-genealogical reader will readily perceive the points of quaint and personal interest. With a sense of dry humor, to which he now and then gives expression in a characteristic fashion, the author writes the pootte temperature of the letter is westered. ment, and the letter is manifested in oc ment, and the letter is manifested in oc-casional paragraphs, in the nature of interludes of sentiment introduced into the didaetic composition with its leading-historic theme. Such is the charming invocation to "France, queen of beauty and of intellect, mother of civilization flower of the heart of the world." Mr. Sturmer is himself of heroic Hugenet de-Sturmer is himself of heroic Hugenet descent, hence his adoration of the "gotden-hearted Lily of the garden of nations." His volume closes with a quotation from our own Sidney Lanter, "Confederate soldier and poet," the author ending as he had begun with thoughts of the fair Southland of North America, where men as brave and self-sacrificing as the Hugenot had contended in a struggle as flifated and noble as their own.

cous cause, an Englishman dedicates the

not had contended in a struggle as ill-fated and noble as their own.

Southerners owe a debt of gratitude to this friend and champion of their coun-try, who is doing battle so valiantly with his pen and journalistic influence in ba-half of the dear memory of our lost Con-federacy. He has solicited corespondence with literary men and women of the South, in a letter to Mrs. Lizzie Cary Daniel published in the Times. September, 1895, and all should assist him with in-formation which he can use in vindicat-ture and honoring, as he says, that "Lost ing and honoring, as he says, that "Lost Cause which will never be lost from the hearts of those to whom true chivalry is

by application to the author, on receipt of a money order for \$1.25 made payable at postoffice, "Steatham Hill 93." to Her-bert H. Sturmer, His address is \$57 bert H. Sturmer, His address is 14.
Amesbury avenue, Steatham Hill, London, S. W., Eegland, or letters will reach
him at his club, "Primross Club, Park
Place, St. Jarres London," His little
volume is bos in red-lettered his to
him cloth, with bewelled board and red
december of the control of the club. edges, and presents a most attractive ap-

KATE MASON ROWLAND.

KATE MASON ROWLAND.

VI.

The Scribners announce for the latter part of May, Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," now running as a serial in their Magazine. Despite the difficulty of indging a story piecemeal, the impression is current that Mr. Davis has put some of the best work into this fanciful tale of South American adventure. A noteworthy feature of the volume will be the illustrations and special cover design by Charles Dana Gibson, who has created in these drawings a new type of hero as distinctive as Du Maurier's own—indeed, the critics profess to discern marked resemblances in treatment.

All those mackeray-lovers who have en All those Trackeray lovers who have enjoyed Eyre Crowe's charming volume of reminiscences on "Thackeray in Americo." will be specially interested in the account of "Thackeray's Haunts and Homes" just published by Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Crowe's life-long and intimate friendship with the greatest novellst, whose private secretary he was, embles him to depict with peculiar effectiveness the surroundings amid which his life passed and his hooks were produced; and his artistic skill the is an A. R. A. has preserved for this generation many characteristic spots connected with well-Rees. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
DOCFOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATHENT: by Rose Nouchette Carey. J.
B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia;
1.25. For sale by George M. West.
V.
OUR RIVAL THE RASCAL. A FAITHFUL PORTRAYAL OF THE CON-

> Mr. George Dolby, who was Charles Dickens' manager in this country, has been interviewed bby a correspondent of the Chicago Record. Mr. Dolby says, among other things, that Dickens was very fond of reading his own books, and that one night in Liverpool he purchased a copy of 'The Old Curiosity Shop' and took it to him, whereat the author was immensely amused. He laugared immedicately, as he turned its pages, but explained to Mr. Dolby that he was not highly and the confection of the circumstances in which certain passages and incidents as at the recollection of the circumstances in which certain passages and incidents had been written. Unkens he describes as the most abstemious of men. He are but sparingly, and rarely took more than two glasses of wine at dinner. He was very proud of his reputation as a brewer of punch: "He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of this punch, but when it was ready I always noticed that he drank less of it than anyone who might be prosent." might be present."

VIL

According to the English papers, the last days of Professor Drummond seem to have been extremely pathetic. He was quite helpless and had to be whe led about in a bath-chair. Only when visited by intimate friends and old colleagues the manifest any of his buoyant spirit and sparkling wit. His old friends, Professor G. A. Smith and Dr. Stalker, were very attentive to him. When the latter was leaving him on the occasion of his last visit, Drummond gave the Doctor a portrait of himself scated in the bath-chair, under which he had written, "The Descent of Man."

IX.

Miss Reatrice Harraden's new strry.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new story Miss Beatrice Harragen's new Sicry, "Hilda Strafford," is soon to be published by Messrs Dodd, Mead & Co. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who recently paid a visit to Miss Harraden at Bournemouth, writes that she is still in feeble health, but thinks that she "seems to be recovering," He and Miss Harraden compared

notes as to America.
"She too," writes Dr. Nicoll, "has a warm admiration for the people and a strong liking for them, and a deep gra-titude for their kindness and hospitality to individuals. But she felt even more than I did, with her larger experience. and was inclined to attribute to anl, and was inclined to attribute it largely to the teachine which children received. They are indoctrinated in a hatred to the English. She thinks that the American husband is much kinder than the English husband, and greatly enjoys the brightness and buoyanev and soarkle of the American woman. Miss Harradem

does not think of returning to California for some time." for some time."

X

The purple cow is to journey eastward. In other words, Githert Burgess, who "never hopes to see one." is to abandon his beautiful nonsense book. "The Lark," and try his fortune in New York after this most seen to be a seen to be seen

Outside and Inside Weather.

(A ditty for spring time or any other time of the year.)

In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early.

And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise.

If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowering, grim, and suriy.

Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes.

Why, then, lightly as a feather, Must our spirits dance together, And our faces must be sunny all day leng.

For as fresh as Highland heaths:

We can make the inside weather when the outside seems to be so very wrong.

Dut if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing.

And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light:

And the arturus is peeping from its brown.

And the arturus is peeping from its brown.

right.
When the boys and men from the village reached the edge of the creek a wet head and a pallid face, on which the freekles stood out in dark blatenes, was just peering out of a bogshead. Ferguson's clerk said afterward that it looked just like a "drowned rat crawling"

guson's clerk said afterward that it looked just like a "drowned rat crawling out of a rain-barrel." Help help," called the weak voice of Patsy.

Curt Bushnell, who was the tallest man in town, waded into the creek and lifted Patsy out of the hogshead, and he was carried up the fill, with a long procession of men and boys following along benind.

"My goodness, my gracious," exclaimed Mrs. Trego, holding up both her fat hands, when she saw them bringing Patsy up to the front door. "What's the matter? Is he much hurt?" and the good woman hegan to shake and trembie.

"He was in an old sugar hogshead—" began Ferguson, the storekeepet.
"There, there, I knew it," interrupted Mrs. Trego, wringing her hands; "sugar ib be the death of him."

The doctor came and poked Patsy in various parts of his body. At each poke Patsy witced, because there weren't many places where he wasn't sore.

"There are no bones broken," reported the dector, "and he'll be all right in a day or two."

That evening Mrs. Trego, out of kindness of her heart, asked the little invalid, as he lay propped up with pillows are and lim:

"Won't you have a lump of sugar, Fat-

as he lay propped up him: "Won't you have a lump of sugar, Fat-Patsy turned his head to the wall with a look of supreme disgust on his fac-and didn't answer.

Wishes and Work. Said one little chick, with a funny little

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm:

"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."

said motive, inthe chick, with a queer little shruge:

"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."

Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal:

"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."

"Now, look here." said the mother, from the green garden patch:

"If you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch."

—Toronto Globe.

A Wise Little Mother.

(By Harriet S. Edwards.)

(By Harriet S. Edwards.)

One day last summer, while resting in my hammock, I heard, in joyful exciamation, the voices of the large party of children who were spending their vacation with us. One of them came running toward me with the wonderful news that they had caught a squirrei! Remembering their former vain attempts, at first I was rather incredulous; but, sure enough, little Martha came nearer with a baby squirrel in her hands. It was very small—not more than three inches long—with its eyes not yet open; and on looking closer I found that its legs on both sides were connected by pleces of skin, so I decided that it must be a flying squirrel—The first I had ever seen.

I learned that the children had found it at the foot of a tree near the house; and on going to the spot myself. I saw the poor, distracted mother on one of the lower branches, looking for her lost baby, who had probably fallen from their snughome. Telling the children to stand back. I put the little fellow on the tree, about three feet from the ground, where he hung by his claws, crying softly all the time. To our great delight, his mother heard him, and, looking this way and that with her bright black eyes, she quickly ran down to him, took him in her n outh, as a cat carries a kitten, and darted like a flash up the tree, while we clapped and shouted our applause.

The next day the older boys learned of the squirrels here, and by shrking 'he tree they brought down the whole family of five, some with their eyes open, but all very smal in size. Wishing to cat he the mother too, one of the grown-up members of the party put the bables in his hat on the ground at the foot of the irre, and stood ready with another cap to over her with should she come down. For some time we waited in valu, for she is med to stepect us, and flew, or rather jumped, from one high tree to unthor, gradually, however, coming to the lower branches. Flually she cropt cautiously down to her little family, out when we really thought that we had her, she escaped. Yet the mot

dow pane when we had forgotten. From he window to the ground was quite high but the little mother had evidently gone to seek a hiding place for her babies, be cause when we came back again ther were but four little squirrels, and late she returned for another, leaving three

Try Thes . Jaw. Brenkers. Some of you who think you are well up in spelling just try to spell the words in this little sentence: "It is agreeable to witness the unpar-alleled cestasy of two harassed peddlers endeavoring to gauge the symmetry of two pecked pears."
Read it to your friends and see how many of them can spell every word cor-rectly. The sentence contains many of the real puzzlers of the spelling book.

PRIZE PUZZLE COLUMN.

These Prizes?

THE FIRST PRIZE WILL BE GIVEN TO THE CHILD SENDING THE CREATEST NUMBER OF CORRECT ANSWERS TO PUZZLES. THIS WILL BE AS URE SHOT DETECTIVE CAMERA—AN APPARATUS FOR MAKING SMALL PICTURES, WITH DEVELOPING AND PRINTING OUTPITT HOW'S THATT ANSWERS MUST BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK, ANSWERS BEING PUBLISHED EACH SUNDAY TO THOSE PUBLISHED ON THE PRECEDING ONE, NOW IS THAT CLEAR THE SECOND PRIZE WILL BE A COPY OF "SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA" BY "JOSIAH ALLENS WIFE," ILLUSTRATED AND HANDSOMELY BOUND IN CLOTH, IT WILL BE GIVEN TO THE CHILD SENDING IN DURING THE MONTH THE VERY BEST LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHILD SENDING IN DURING THE MONTH THE WERY BEST LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT IT MUST BE WRITTEN ON ALTERNATE SIDES OF THE PAPER, AND PROPERLY SIGNED. Just Look Here, What Do You Think of

ALTERNATE SIDES OF THE PAPER, AND PROPERLY SIGNED. 61.-DELICIOUS. CUT-CUT-CUT- chileHfl elicious,

P. UZZLER.

62.-"BREAKERS AHEAD."

He scarce could breakfast, dine, or sup, For joy that school would soon break \*\*.

Though his "oration" made him frown, Lest after all he should break \*\*\*.

All learning's bonds he deemed a noose, And always fretted to break \*\*\*\*.

He went to skate; the ice was new;

Some warned him that he might break

Lared to argue the matter with diffident

dislikes very much to do as her r wishes. One story, very often es dislikes very much to do as her her wishes. One story, very often, is as folk ws: me few years ago, when the Jerman peror was moking a formal visit to Hague, Queen Wilhelmina express-ter intention to attend the State ban-her considerable argument with mother on the subject the lafter was ed to conduct the young lady to her soom, where, as the queen regent was it to leave, she rose upon her dignity said:

The way in which the United States came to be called Uncle Sam is this:

During the war of 1812 the United States Government entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for, and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A.—U. S." the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovia sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said the states of the contractor and for Elbert Anderson and United Same at the contractor of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovia sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said the states of the contractor and for Elbert Anderson and United Same at the contractor and for Elbert Anderson and United Same at the contractor and the contractor meant, he said the contractor and for Elbert Anderson and United Same and Cask The way in which the United States

Herman the Great. Alexander Herrman, undoubtedly the best-known "magician" in the world, died in December at Rochester, N. Y., in the fifty-third year of his age, His

Going to Jamestown.

The ladies of the Central Committee A. P. V. A., are busy completing preparations for their annual excursion to Jamestown, the birth-place of the American nation, and peculiarly dear to Virginians, as the cradle of their race.

Special trains will be run from Lynchburg and Charlottesville to connect with the Pocahontas on May 13th, and a large crowd is expected to go down the river.

That bytes is moderate-school boys and is moderate-school boys and

and indifference indicated a sphere of

A Visalia (Cal.) physician refused to testify in a case on trial in the Superior Court unless he was paid \$26, the fee agreed upon by Visalia physicians for giving expert testimony.